

16p

No 222

# BUNTY



PICTURE STORY LIBRARY FOR GIRLS



## SUE and the Smiling Dolls

FIVE DOLLS - FIVE SECRETS!

A giant hand reaches out for Beryl Parsons and her cat! Before she knows where she is, Beryl finds herself on a spaceship and inside a bottle.

# *BERYL-IN-THE-BOTTLE*

*JUDY LIBRARY No. 222*



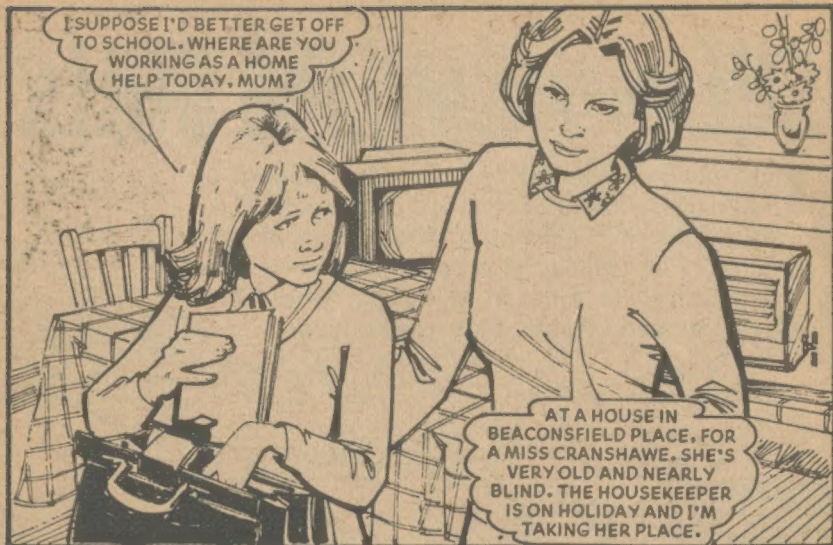
*LOOK FOR IT IN THE SHOPS NOW*



# SUE and the SMILING DOLLS

**T**HE day Sue Goodman's father died, the lives of her and her mother changed completely. Their lovely house in the country was sold, Sue said goodbye to her friends at school, and she and her mother moved to a flat in Mancaster where Mrs Goodman had taken a job as a home help.





I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET OFF TO SCHOOL. WHERE ARE YOU WORKING AS A HOME HELP TODAY, MUM?

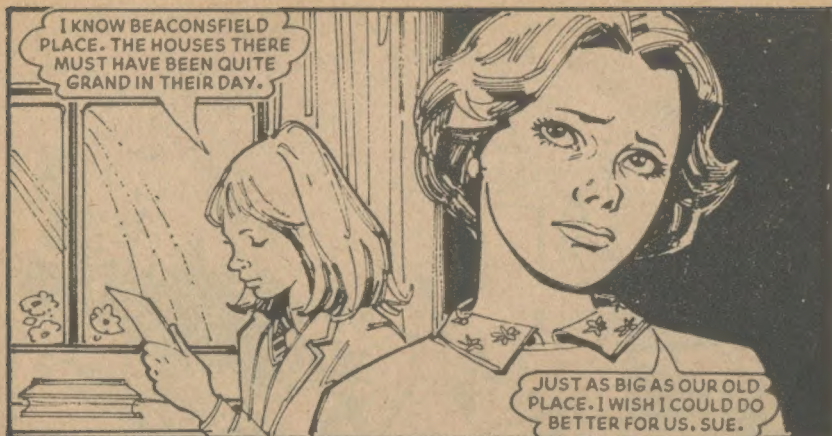
AT A HOUSE IN BEACONSFIELD PLACE, FOR A MISS CRANSHAW. SHE'S VERY OLD AND NEARLY BLIND. THE HOUSEKEEPER IS ON HOLIDAY AND I'M TAKING HER PLACE.



I'VE WRITTEN DOWN THE ADDRESS FOR YOU. COME ROUND TO THE HOUSE AFTER SCHOOL, AND THEN WE'LL COME HOME TOGETHER.

AFTER SCHOOL, I ALWAYS HAVE TO GO TO THE PLACE MUM IS WORKING AT. SHE'S STILL NERVOUS OF LIVING IN THE CITY, DOESN'T LIKE ME TO BE ALONE IN THE FLAT AFTER SCHOOL.





SO DO IT BETTER NOT SAY SO THOUGH, I SUPPOSE.

I'M OFF NOW. \*BYE, MUM.  
SEE YOU THIS AFTERNOON.

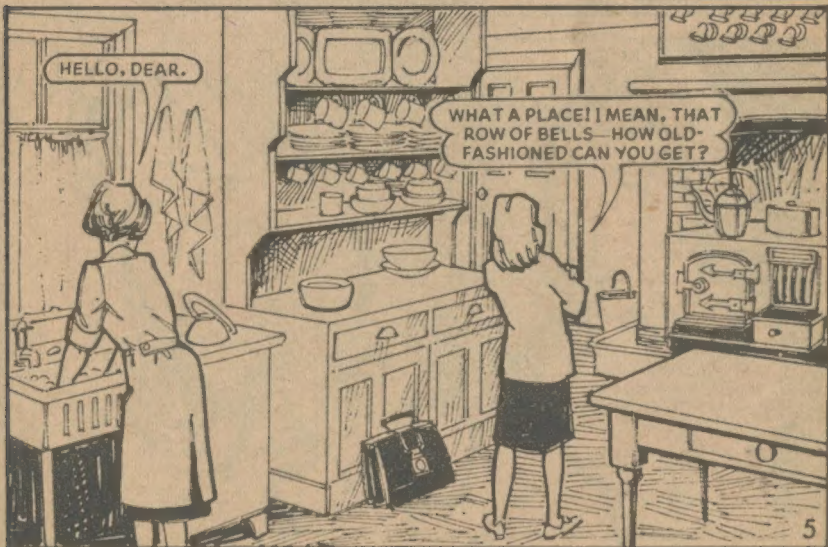
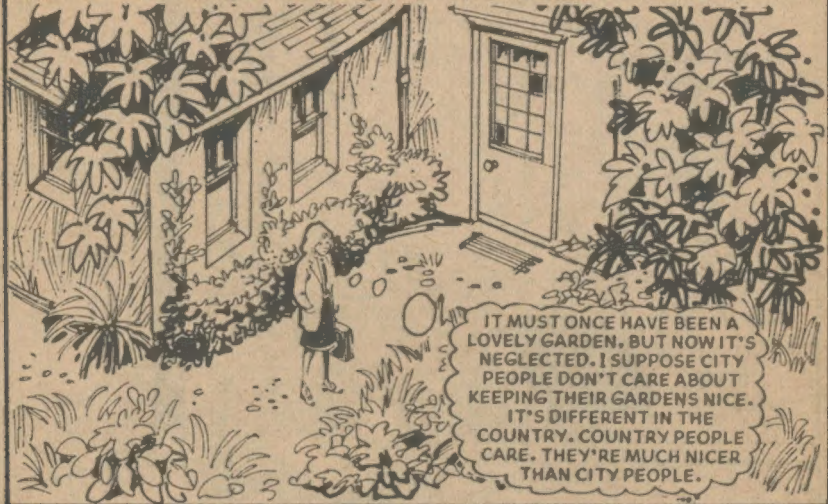


The day dragged on and, after school, Sue went to the house in Beaconsfield Place.






Sue found a side door leading round to the back of the house.




One of the bells suddenly rang. Mrs Goodman went out of the room, and was back again in a few minutes.



MISS CRANSHAW HEARD YOU ARRIVE. SHE WOULD LIKE YOU TO GO AND CHAT TO HER.

CHAT TO HER! CHAT TO AN OLD CRONE. WHAT IS THERE TO CHAT ABOUT?



PLEASE GO, SUE. SHE'S A NICE OLD LADY.

OH, ALL RIGHT! BUT IT'S A DEAD BORE!



MY DEAR, HOW NICE TO HAVE  
HAPPY CHILDREN IN MY HOME  
AGAIN. I USED TO HAVE ALL MY  
BROTHER'S CHILDREN LIVING  
HERE WITH ME, BUT THEY'VE  
GONE TO CANADA. IT'S SO LONELY  
IN A BIG HOUSE WITH NOBODY  
TO SHARE IT WITH.





TELL ME, HOW DO YOU LIKE LIVING IN THE CITY? SUCH A CHANGE FOR YOU—AND FOR YOUR MOTHER, TOO.

ALWAYS MOTHER. THEY ALL FEEL SORRY FOR MUM. THEY SHOULD FEEL SORRY FOR ME, TOO.

I HATE IT.

Soon she was telling Miss Cranshawe about her happy life before her father died, and how miserable she was in their new flat and overcrowded school.



AH, YOU'RE SO YOUNG. YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN YET, MY DEAR.

I CAN'T SEE I'VE ANYTHING TO LEARN AT ALL.


Sue was about to say so when she saw the old lady had fallen asleep.



SHALL I GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN? NO. I'LL EXPLORE THE HOUSE INSTEAD.



It was a strange place, full of dark corners and mysterious paintings. Upstairs, curtains were drawn across all the windows and it was very eerie. In one small bedroom, Sue boldly lifted the blind to let in some light.



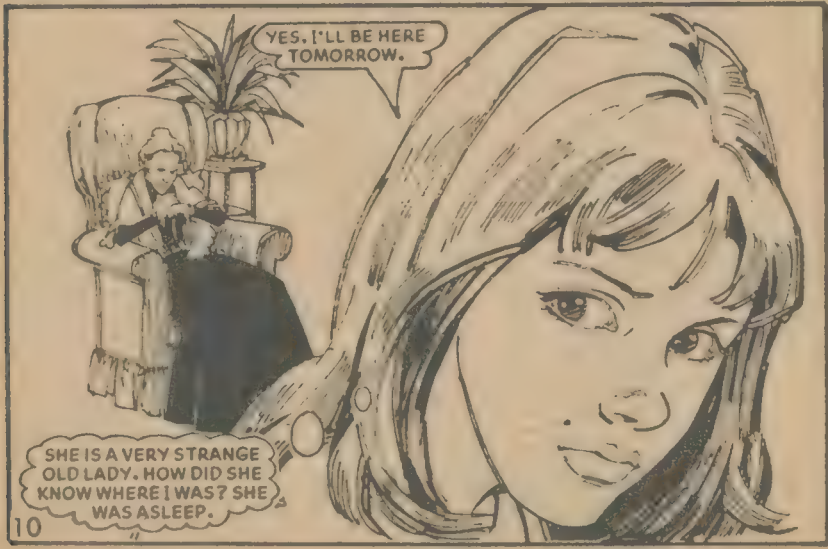
IT'S ODD—BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN I  
FEEL SORT OF SAD. SOMEBODY  
LOVED THIS ROOM ONCE. I JUST  
KNOW IT—BUT THAT SOMEBODY  
HAS GONE AWAY.

Just then Sue heard her mother call, and went downstairs. Mrs Goodman was ready to leave and told Sue to go and say goodbye to Miss Cranshawe.



GOODBYE, MISS CRANSHAW.

GOODBYE, SUE DEAR. IT'S A SWEET BEDROOM, ISN'T IT? BUT A ROOM NEEDS LOVE IN IT. JUST AS PEOPLE DO. WILL I SEE YOU TOMORROW?



YES, I'LL BE HERE TOMORROW.

SHE IS A VERY STRANGE OLD LADY. HOW DID SHE KNOW WHERE I WAS? SHE WAS ASLEEP.



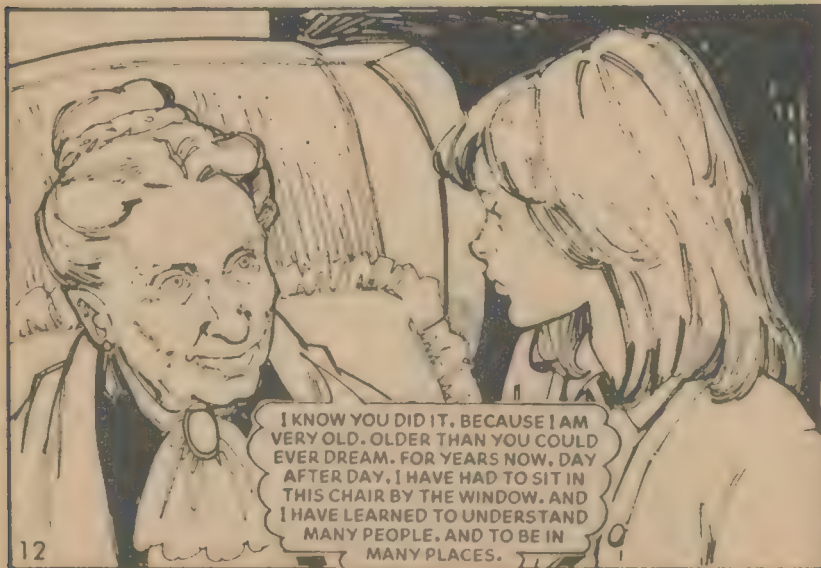
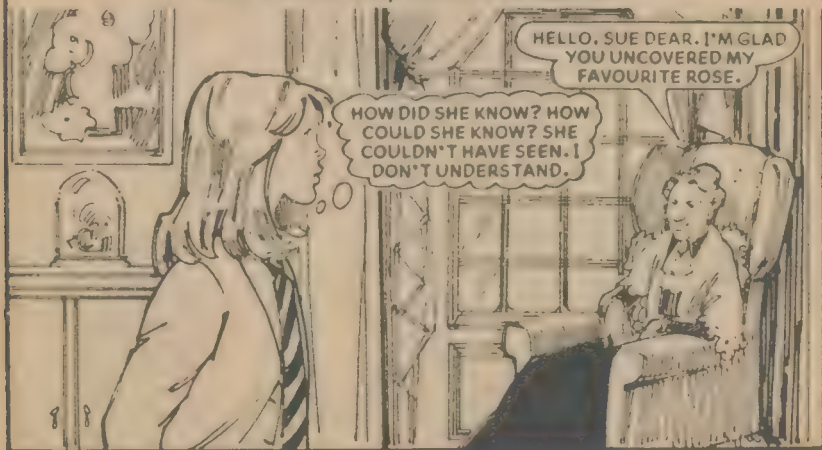
Sue didn't go straight into the house to see her mother next day. Instead she lingered in the garden.




This done, Sue pulled out the weeds all round the summer house and discovered a little bed of pinks and lavenders, which badly needed trimming.



Mum was just coming out of Miss Cranshawe's room and told Sue that the old lady wanted to see her.







PERHAPS ONE DAY, I WILL  
BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU BACK  
THE THINGS YOU HAVE LOST.

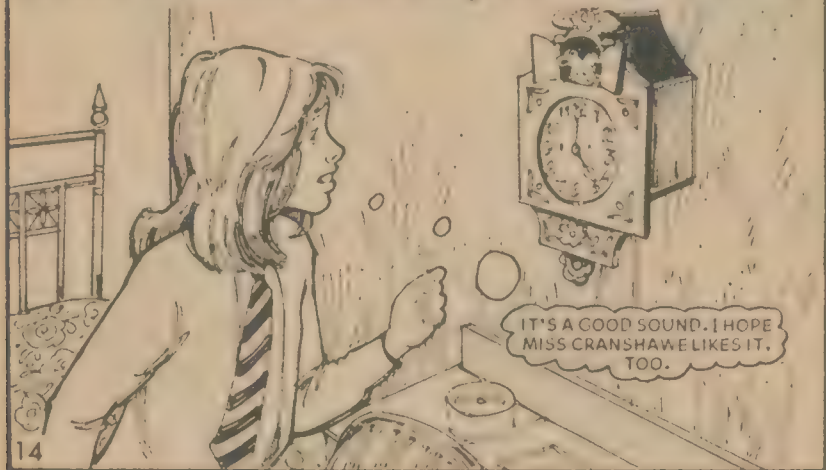
YOU MEAN SEND US BACK TO  
OUR OLD HOME, AND MY OLD  
SCHOOL—AND GIVE US  
MONEY SO MUM WON'T  
HAVE TO WORK?

NOT THOSE. THOSE THINGS HAVE  
GONE NOW. THEY WERE YOUR OLD  
LIFE. I MEAN THE IMPORTANT  
THINGS—THE PARTS OF YOU, SUE.  
THAT YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE  
ABOUT ANY MORE.

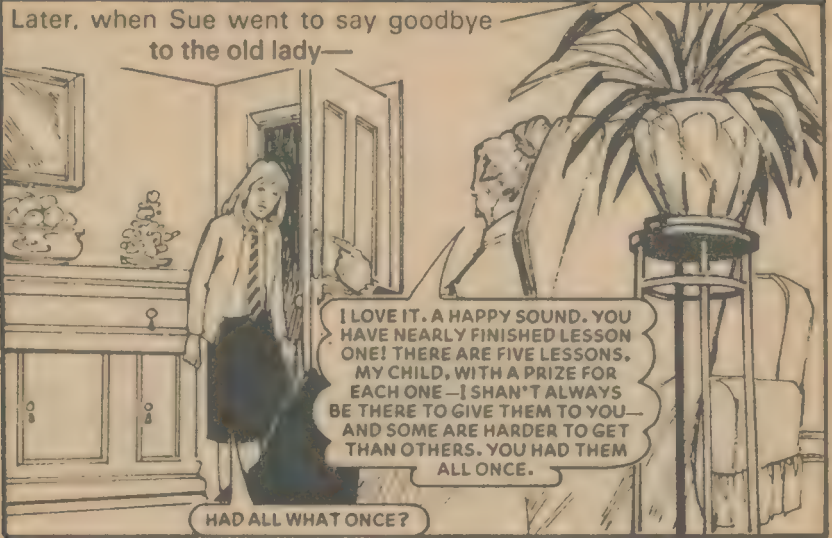
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. SHE  
IS A STRANGE OLD LADY.



Sue didn't offer to help her mother. She went instead to the little bedroom, and amused herself winding a cuckoo clock on the wall.



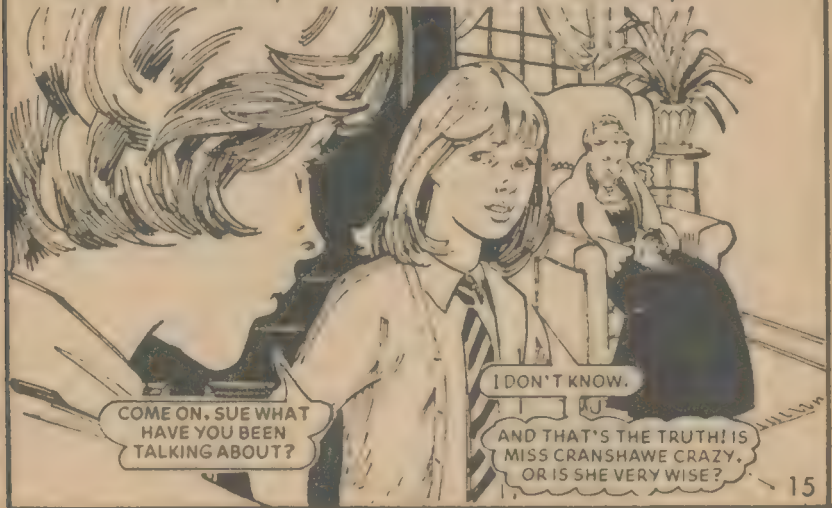
Later, when Sue went to say goodbye  
to the old lady—



I LOVE IT. A HAPPY SOUND. YOU  
HAVE NEARLY FINISHED LESSON  
ONE! THERE ARE FIVE LESSONS.  
MY CHILD, WITH A PRIZE FOR  
EACH ONE—I SHAN'T ALWAYS  
BE THERE TO GIVE THEM TO YOU—  
AND SOME ARE HARDER TO GET  
THAN OTHERS. YOU HAD THEM  
ALL ONCE.

HAD ALL WHAT ONCE?

"Prizes", the old lady murmured. Then she was asleep.



COME ON. SUE WHAT  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
TALKING ABOUT?

I DON'T KNOW.

AND THAT'S THE TRUTH! IS  
MISS CRANSHAW CRAZY.  
OR IS SHE VERY WISE?



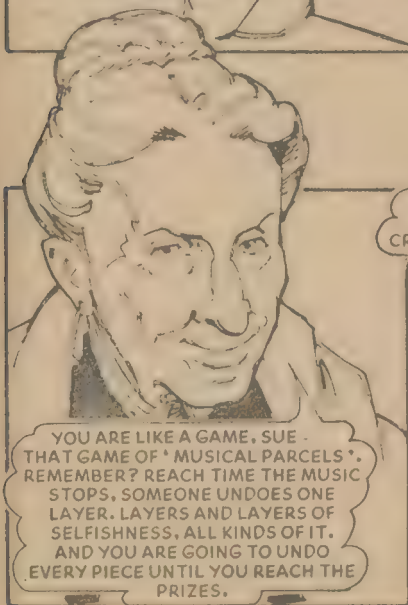
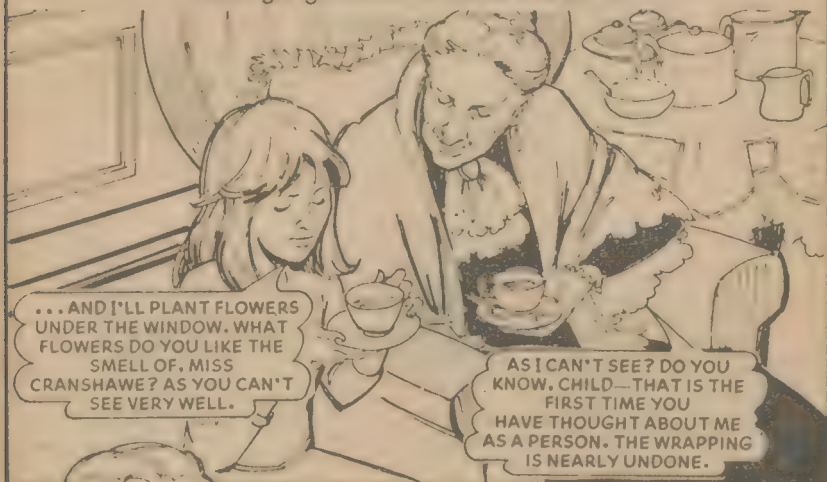


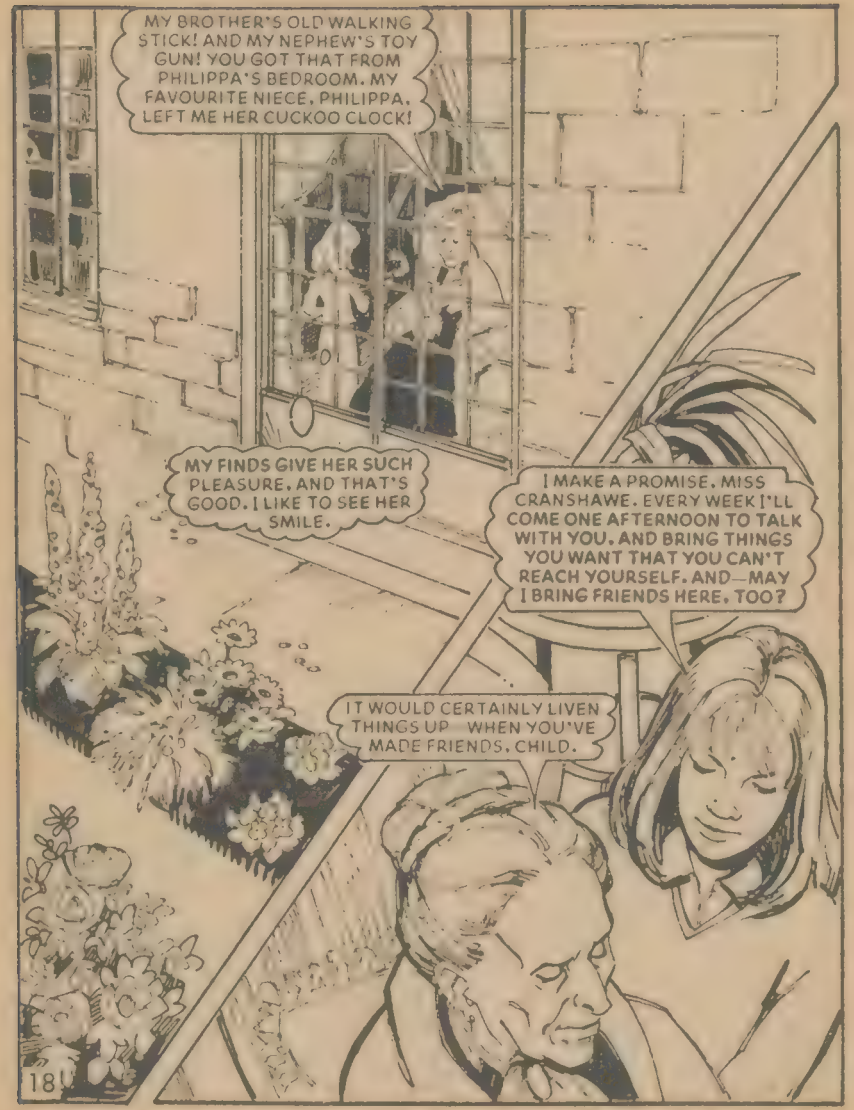
WHICHEVER IT IS CRAZY  
OR WISE—I'VE MADE HER HAPPIER.  
AND I LIKE IT THERE NOW, EVEN  
IF IT IS RATHER CREEPY. I'LL  
COME AGAIN, TOMORROW.

Next day, Sue set to work on Miss  
Cranshawe's garden.

MUM HAS MOVED MISS  
CRANSHAWE'S CHAIR ROUND, SO  
THAT SHE CAN WATCH ME AT WORK.  
IT SEEMS TO BE PLEASING HER.  
SHE'S SMILING, ALL BRIGHT  
FACED.

When Sue came in to have tea with the old lady, they talked about hiring a gardener to mow the lawn.





MY BROTHER'S OLD WALKING  
STICK! AND MY NEPHEW'S TOY  
GUN! YOU GOT THAT FROM  
PHILIPPA'S BEDROOM. MY  
FAVOURITE NIECE, PHILIPPA.  
LEFT ME HER CUCKOO CLOCK!

MY FINDS GIVE HER SUCH  
PLEASURE, AND THAT'S  
GOOD. I LIKE TO SEE HER  
SMILE.

I MAKE A PROMISE, MISS  
CRANSHAW. EVERY WEEK I'LL  
COME ONE AFTERNOON TO TALK  
WITH YOU, AND BRING THINGS  
YOU WANT THAT YOU CAN'T  
REACH YOURSELF, AND—MAY  
I BRING FRIENDS HERE, TOO?

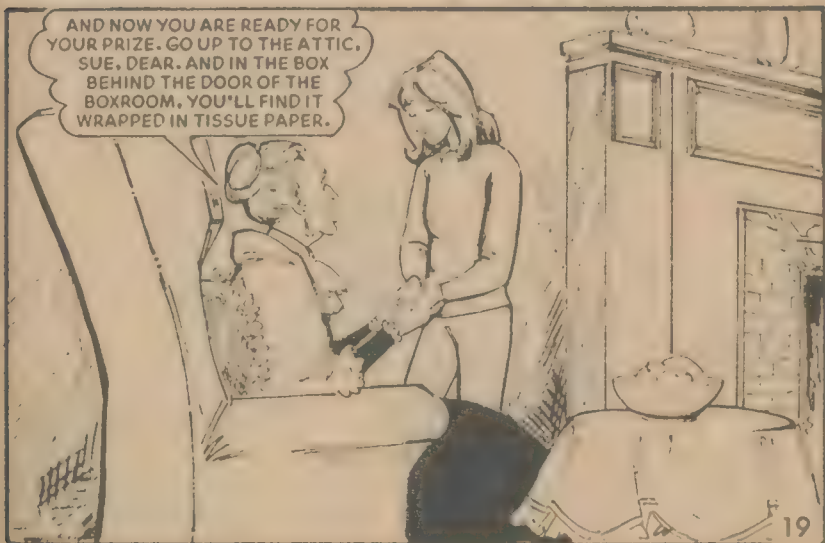
IT WOULD CERTAINLY LIVEN  
THINGS UP, WHEN YOU'VE  
MADE FRIENDS, CHILD.



SHE VOICED MY THOUGHTS BEFORE I HAD TIME TO. I'VE NO FRIENDS AT SCHOOL AND PERHAPS I NEVER WILL HAVE ANY. I DON'T FIT IN THERE. BUT I WON'T BE SAD WHILE I'M WITH MISS CRANSHAW. AFTER ALL, SHE MUST BE A LOT LONELIER THAN ME.



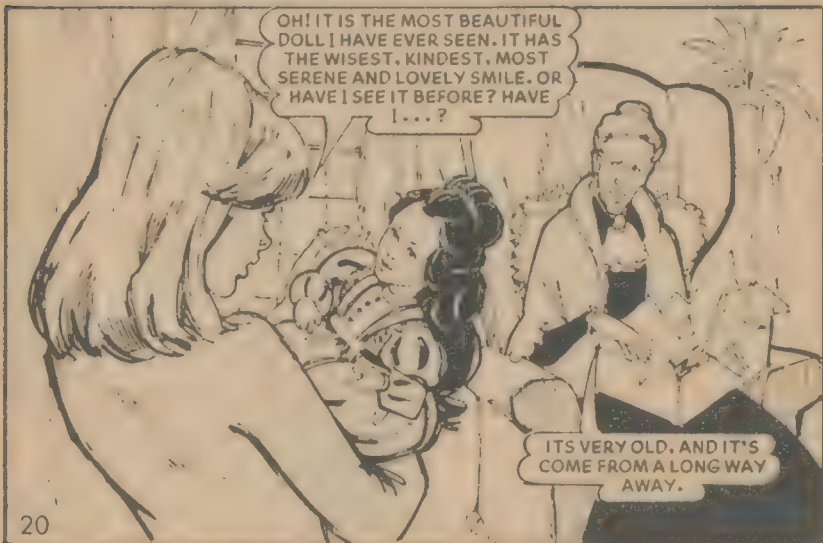
AND NOW YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR PRIZE. GO UP TO THE ATTIC, SUE, DEAR. AND IN THE BOX BEHIND THE DOOR OF THE BOXROOM, YOU'LL FIND IT WRAPPED IN TISSUE PAPER.

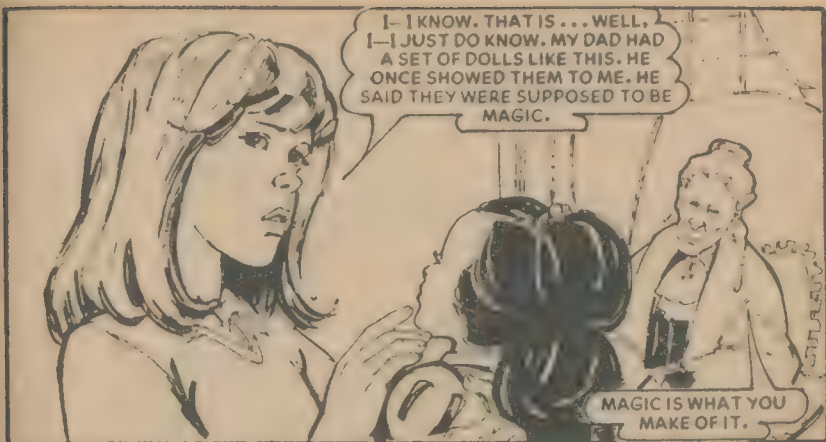


Sue kissed the old lady on the cheek and ran upstairs.

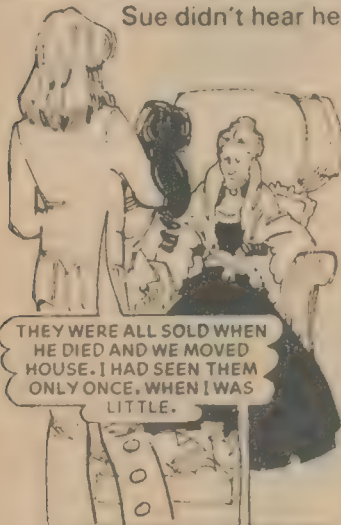


OH! IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DOLL I HAVE EVER SEEN. IT HAS THE WISEST, KINDEST, MOST SERENE AND LOVELY SMILE. OR HAVE I SEE IT BEFORE? HAVE I...?





Sue didn't hear her.

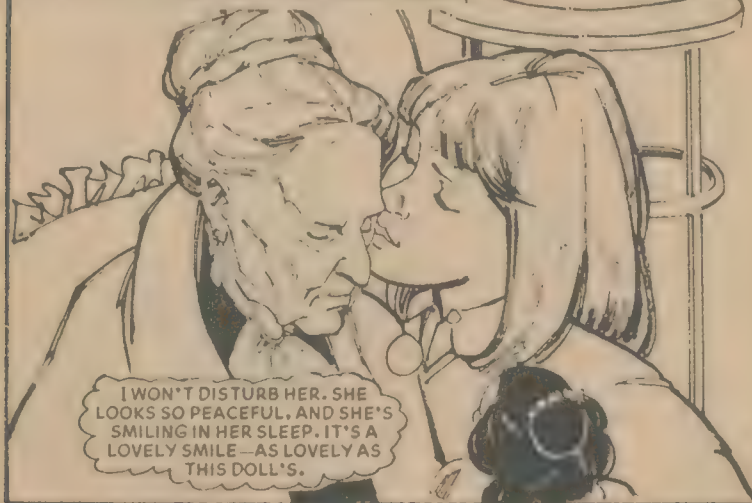


THERE'S SOMETHING IN HER  
EYES, SOMETHING  
MYSTERIOUS. ALL OF A  
SUDDEN I FEEL JUST A LITTLE  
AFRAID.





But Miss Cranshawe had fallen asleep.

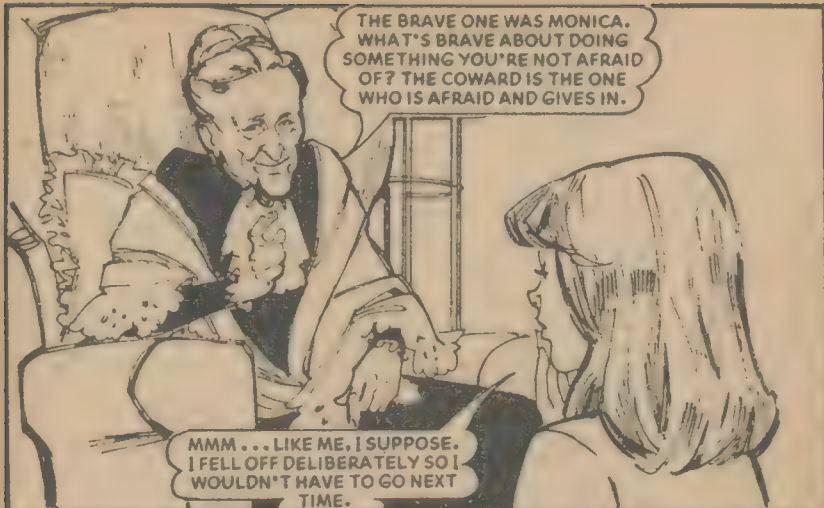


I WON'T DISTURB HER. SHE LOOKS SO PEACEFUL, AND SHE'S SMILING IN HER SLEEP. IT'S A LOVELY SMILE—AS LOVELY AS THIS DOLL'S.

One afternoon, a week or so later, Sue popped in to see Miss Cranshawe and told her about the day at school.




...AND WE HAD P.E. THIS AFTERNOON. WE HAD TO WALK ALONG THE BAR AND EACH TIME WE DID IT WITHOUT FALLING OFF, THE TEACHER PUT THE BAR UP A NOTCH. JILL WAS BRAVE—SHE WALKED ALONG IT HIGHER THAN ANYBODY. MONICA WENT NEARLY AS HIGH—BUT SHE WAS A COWARD BECAUSE I COULD SEE HER TREMBLING.



THE BRAVE ONE WAS MONICA.  
WHAT'S BRAVE ABOUT DOING  
SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT AFRAID  
OF? THE COWARD IS THE ONE  
WHO IS AFRAID AND GIVES IN.

MMM... LIKE ME, I SUPPOSE.  
I FELL OFF DELIBERATELY SO I  
WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO NEXT  
TIME.

PITY THERE AREN'T  
MORE MONICAS ABOUT  
TODAY.

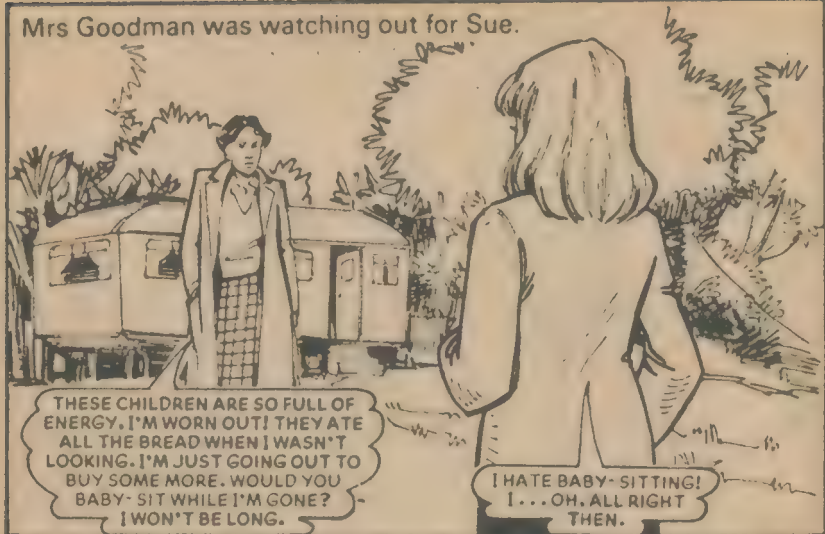


I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT TO  
MUM. SHE HAS A CARAVAN OF  
KIDS TO LOOK AFTER THIS  
WEEK. THEIR MOTHER IS IN  
HOSPITAL AND THEIR FATHER  
IS AWAY AT WORK ALL DAY.

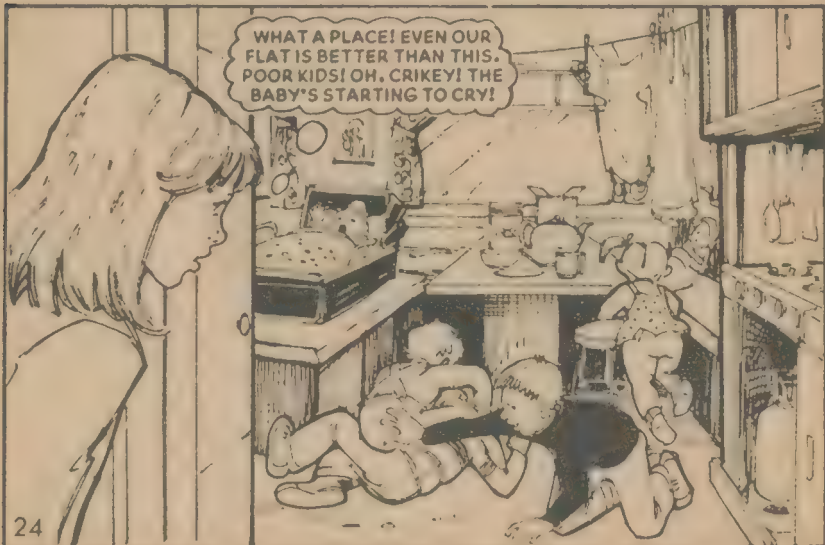
I KNOW. GOODBYE.  
SUE, DEAR.

WHEN SHE GIVES ME THAT  
SEVERE LOOK, IT MAKES ME  
FEEL VERY SMALL. I'M OFF!

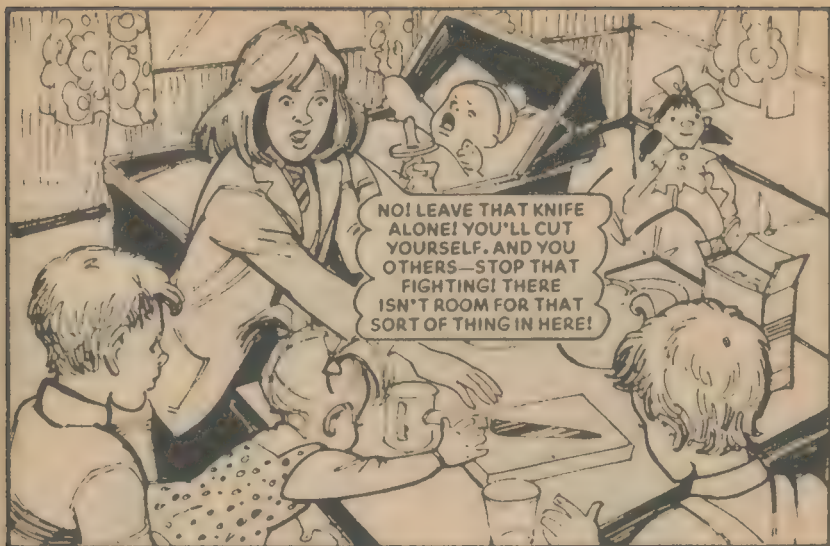
Mrs Goodman was watching out for Sue.



WHAT A PLACE! EVEN OUR FLAT IS BETTER THAN THIS. POOR KIDS! OH, CRIKEY! THE BABY'S STARTING TO CRY!

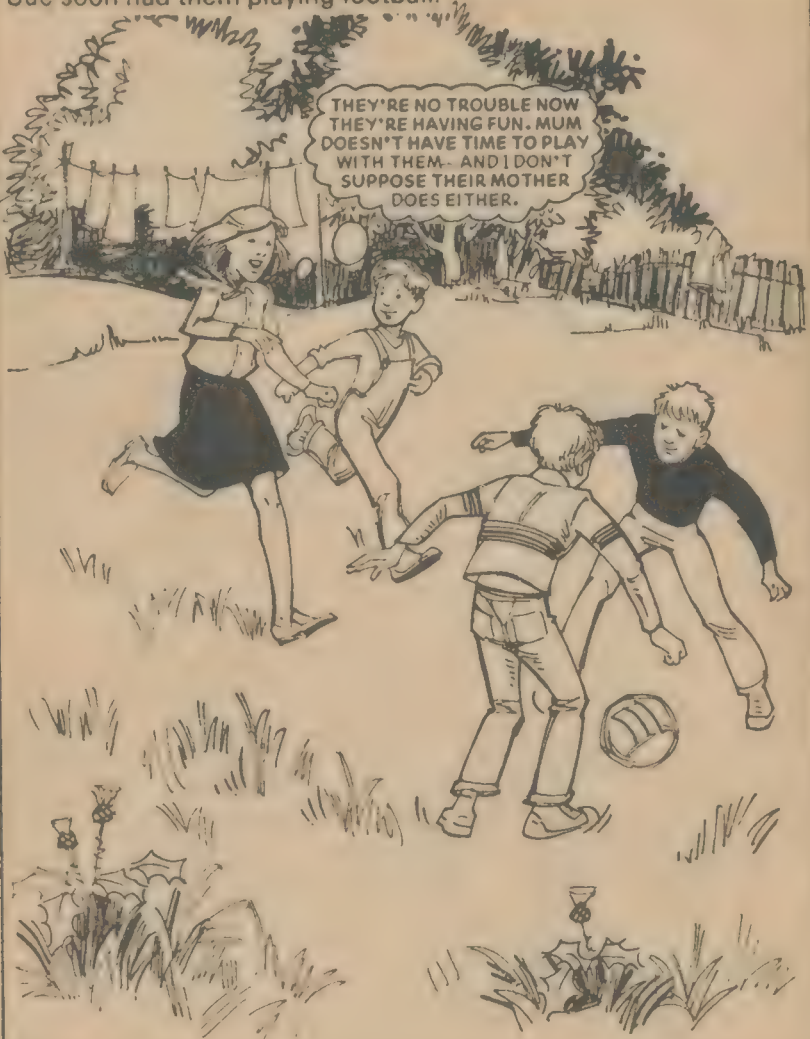






Sue soon had them playing football.

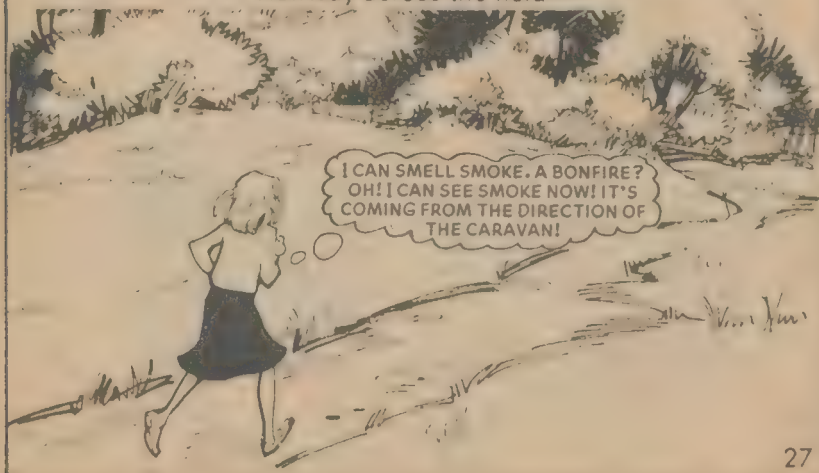
THEY'RE NO TROUBLE NOW  
THEY'RE HAVING FUN. MUM  
DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY  
WITH THEM. AND I DON'T  
SUPPOSE THEIR MOTHER  
DOES EITHER.



A few minutes later, Sue realised that one of the youngsters was missing.



Sue decided she'd better check that the toddler was all right.  
Halfway across the field—






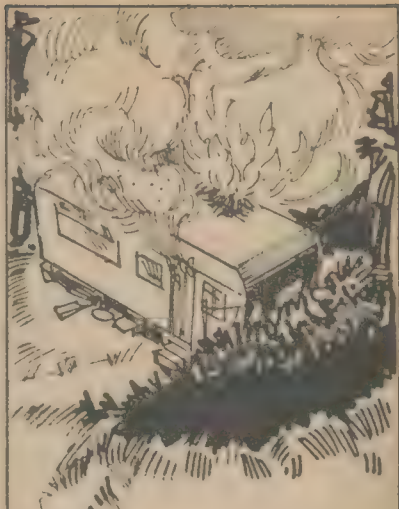
Sue ran her fastest, and as she did so a scream reached her.







THE COOKER I DIDN'T CHECK  
TO SEE IF IT WAS ON BEFORE  
I WENT OUTSIDE WITH THE  
KIDS. THE GAS CONTAINER  
MUST HAVE FALLEN AND  
STARTED THE FIRE.



KEEP BACK! ONE OF YOU RUN  
TO THE PHONE BOX--QUICK!  
RING FOR THE FIRE  
BRIGADE.







With a great effort, Sue spoke calmly to the youngsters, telling them to stay put.

THE BABY! I FORGOT THE BABY! SHE'S STILL IN THERE, IN HER COT!

MY LEGS FEEL WEAK, BUT I MUST KEEP GOING. THE FIRE DOESN'T SEEM SO BAD AT THE FAR END OF THE CARAVAN AND THAT'S WHERE THE BABY IS. IF I HURRY, I MIGHT GET TO HER IN TIME.



Thick smoke met Sue at the caravan door, and she felt suffocated.  
But she kept going.



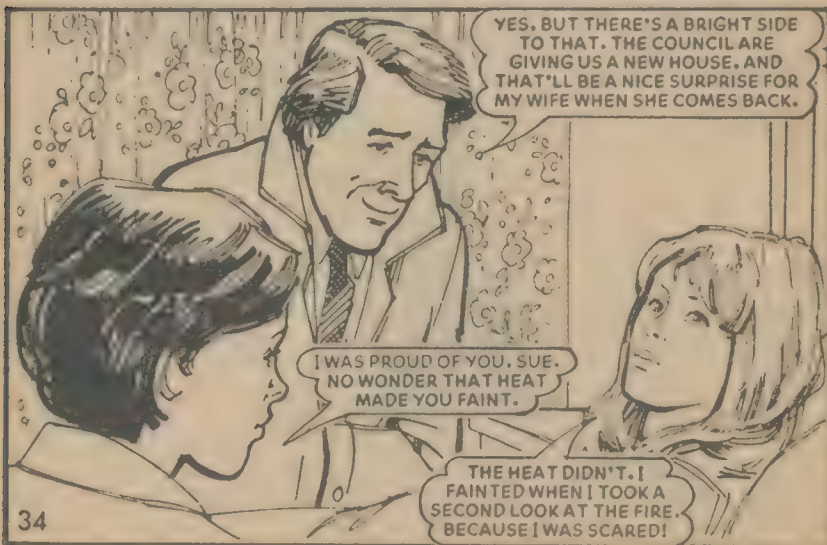
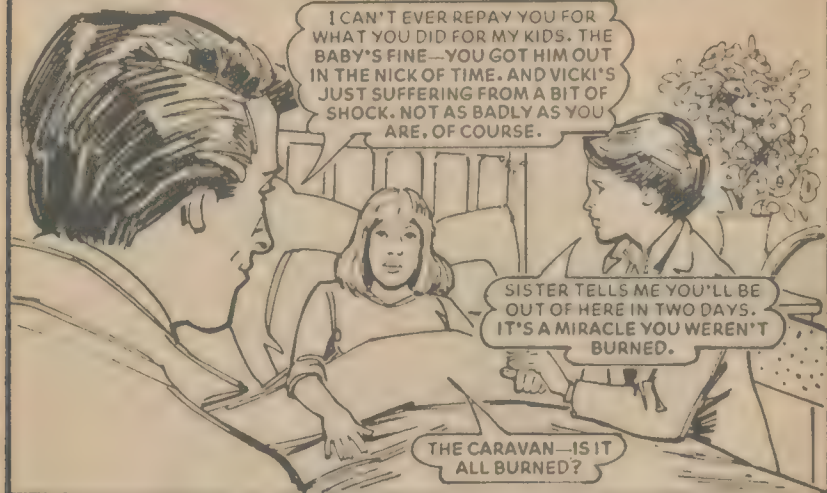
Sue didn't remember the rest. The next thing she knew, she was outside, the baby in her arms.

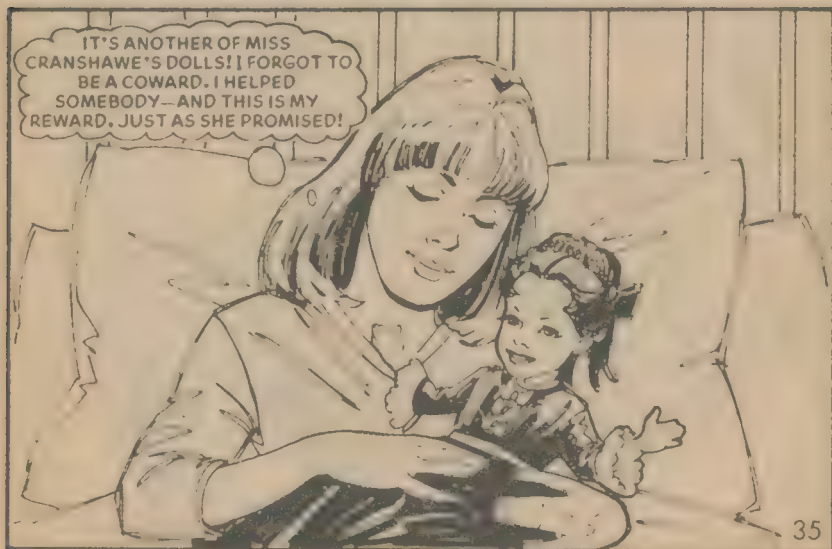


Just then, there was a thud behind Sue. She turned round to see the smouldering door fall out on to the grass, and the sickening fear crept through her all over again. As her mother came up, Sue handed the baby over to her. Then she fainted.

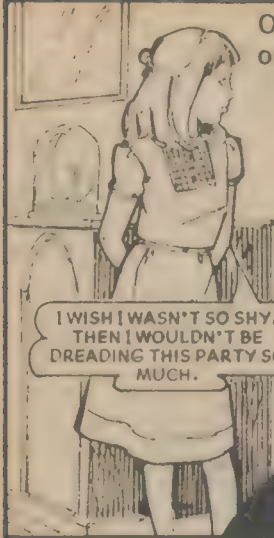


The following day, the children's father visited Sue in hospital.







One afternoon, a couple of weeks later, on her way to a party, Sue stopped off to see Miss Cranshawe.




I WISH I WASN'T SO SHY.  
THEN I WOULDN'T BE  
DREADING THIS PARTY SO  
MUCH.



WHAT YOU SHOULD BE SAYING IS.  
"IF I'D ONLY STOP THINKING  
ABOUT MYSELF SO MUCH, I'D SEE  
THAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE SHY—  
NOT JUST ME." THEN YOU'LL  
FORGET ABOUT BEING SHY.



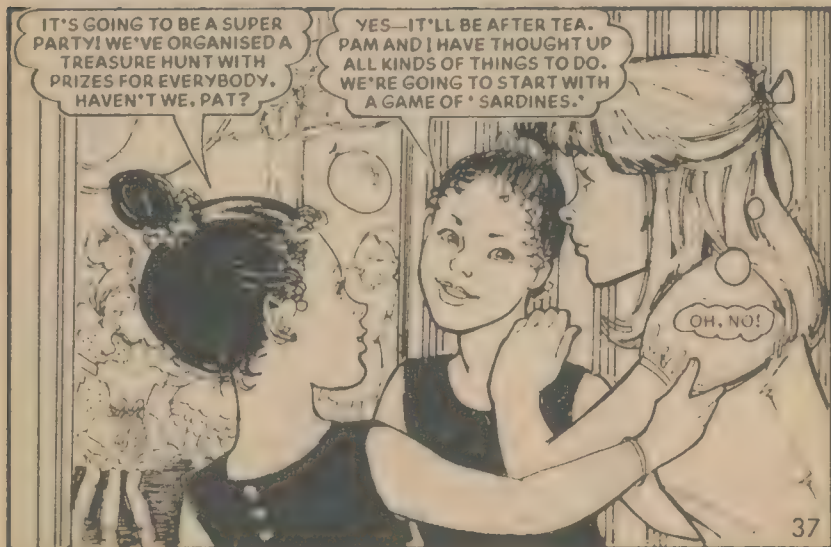
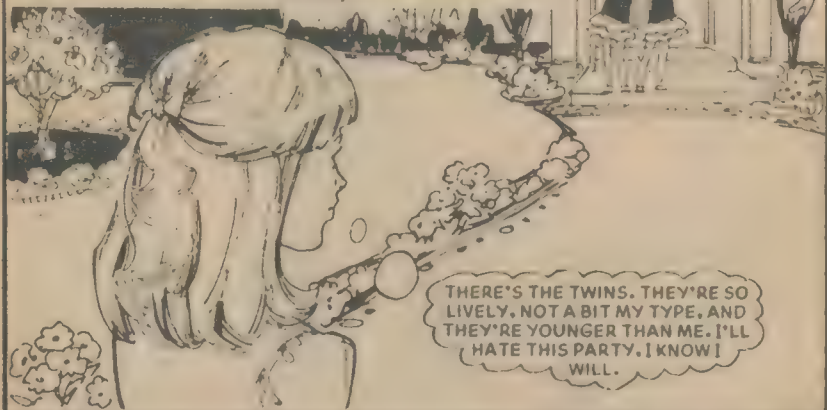
BUT I WASN'T SHY - NOT TILL  
WE MOVED TO THE CITY.



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN. YOU HAD  
SUCH A LOVELY LIFE BEFORE.  
THAT YOU NEVER HAD TIME TO  
THINK ABOUT IT. WHEN YOU GET  
TO THIS PARTY, LOOK FOR SOME-  
BODY SHYER THAN YOU. YOU  
WON'T CURE YOUR OWN SHYNESS  
- BUT YOU'LL FORGET IT. JUST  
WAIT AND SEE.



The birthday party was being held by the Harrison twins. Sue's mother was working at their home because their housekeeper was on holiday.



" Sardines " was a game Sue hated. One person hid, and everybody else had to find her. When you found the hider, you squeezed in beside her, until everybody was squeezed into the one place. The last person to find them all then had to hide the next time. Sue heard a scuffling inside a cupboard, and guessed people were in there, but the thought of crowding in with them was too much, and she turned away.



Later, the twins had a game of " Shipwrecks " in their playroom.



YOU'RE THE SURVIVORS AND PAT  
AND I ARE THE SHARKS. YOU HAVE  
TO GET ROUND THE ROOM  
WITHOUT YOUR FEET TOUCHING  
THE GROUND. WE'LL BE CHASING  
YOU AND IF YOU'RE CAUGHT,  
YOU'RE OUT.

THIS KIND OF GAME IS FINE IF  
YOU'RE GOOD AT GYM. I'M  
NOT. I'LL JUST WATCH.



One of the girls, Anne, quickly lost her balance and landed on the floor.

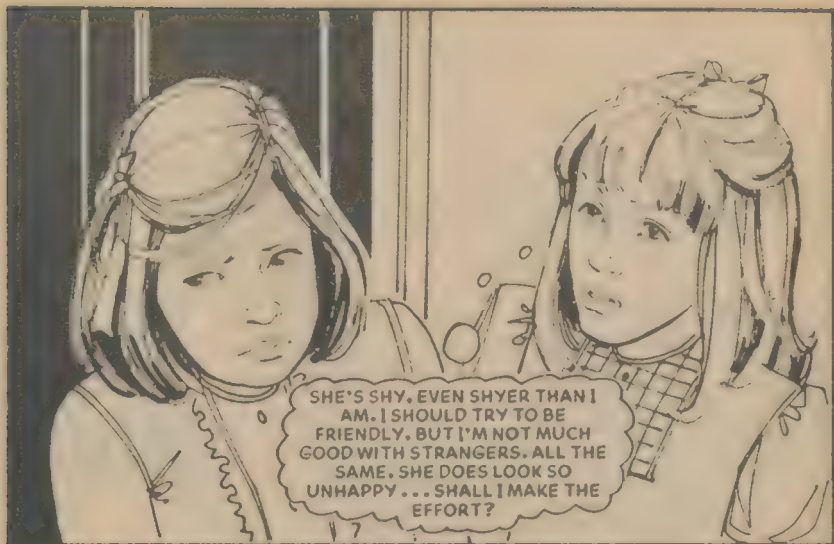


I'M GLAD NOW I DIDN'T JOIN IN! SHE LOOKS REALLY EMBARRASSED.

I-I'M A FOOL AT THESE SORT OF GAMES. WOULD YOU MIND IF I SHARE THE WINDOWSILL? TH-- THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYWHERE ELSE TO SIT.



YES, OF COURSE.



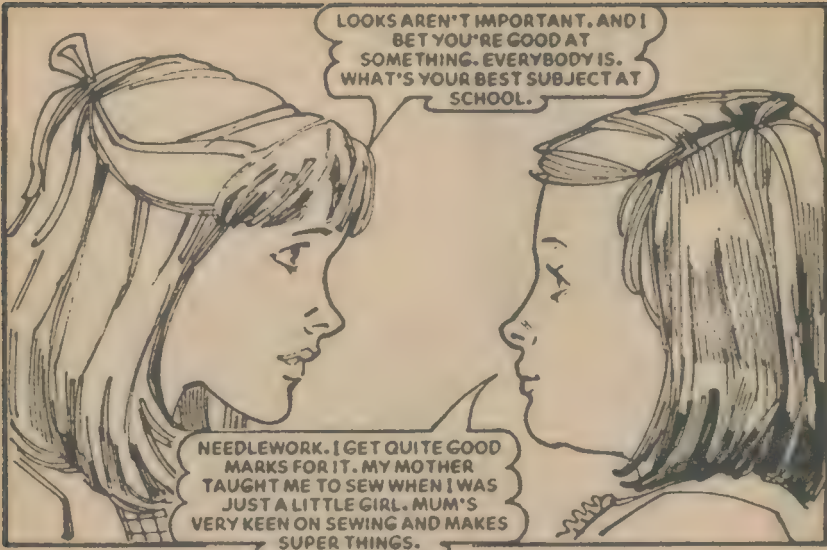
SHE'S SHY, EVEN SHYER THAN I AM. I SHOULD TRY TO BE FRIENDLY, BUT I'M NOT MUCH GOOD WITH STRANGERS. ALL THE SAME, SHE DOES LOOK SO UNHAPPY... SHALL I MAKE THE EFFORT?

Sue hesitated for a few moments, then took the plunge.

IT'S NOT AN EASY GAME TO PLAY. SEE? QUITE A FEW OF THE OTHERS HAVE LOST THEIR BALANCE. YOU DIDN'T MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF.

THANKS. I'VE BEEN DREADING THIS PARTY. AT PARTIES, I ALWAYS FEEL SHY. I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT THE GAMES AND... WELL, I'M SO PLAIN AND...





LOOKS AREN'T IMPORTANT, AND I  
BET YOU'RE GOOD AT  
SOMETHING. EVERYBODY IS.  
WHAT'S YOUR BEST SUBJECT AT  
SCHOOL.

NEEDLEWORK. I GET QUITE GOOD  
MARKS FOR IT. MY MOTHER  
TAUGHT ME TO SEW WHEN I WAS  
JUST A LITTLE GIRL. MUM'S  
VERY KEEN ON SEWING AND MAKES  
SUPER THINGS.

Sue and Anne chatted about this and that until it was time to go  
for tea.

IT WAS NICE HAVING  
SOMEONE TO TALK TO.  
THANKS, SUE.

I ENJOYED IT.  
TOO.


ONCE I'D TAKEN THE  
PLUNGE, IT WAS QUITE  
EASY TO TALK.

Tea was to be a help-yourself-and-find-a-seat affair. When Anne hung back shyly, Sue found her a seat and brought her some food.



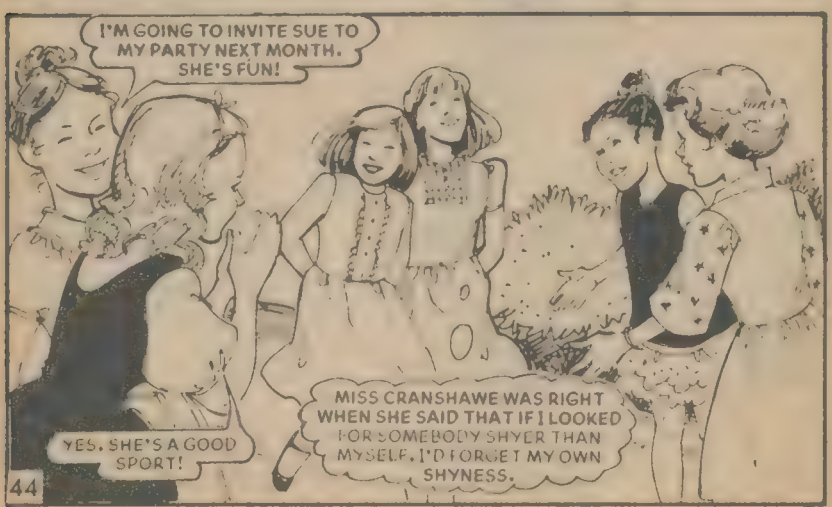
Before she realised it, Sue was fetching everybody ice cream. After that, she sat next to Anne to eat her own tea and found everybody chatting to her as though they had been friends for a long time. Suddenly Sue became aware she had forgotten about being shy, and she began to enjoy the party. But she didn't forget Anne and when, after tea, they went into the garden for more games, she encouraged Anne to join in.





YOU ARE FUNNY, SUE!  
GOSH! YOU'RE LUCKY  
NOT TO BE SHY!

NO USE TELLING HER  
THAT I AM. SHE JUST  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.



I'M GOING TO INVITE SUE TO  
MY PARTY NEXT MONTH.  
SHE'S FUN!

YES, SHE'S A GOOD  
SPORT!

MISS CRANSHAW WAS RIGHT  
WHEN SHE SAID THAT IF I LOOKED  
FOR SOMEBODY SHYER THAN  
MYSELF, I'D FORGET MY OWN  
SHYNESS.

By the time the treasure hunt started, Sue was the most popular girl at the party.

I DON'T LIKE TO WANDER AROUND LOOKING FOR MY PRIZE, NOT ON MY OWN. ANYWAY, WILL YOU HELP ME, SUE?

OK. WE'LL LOOK FOR YOUR PRIZE FIRST, ANNE.

AND ME, SUE, PLEASE.

Later.

SUE, I'VE WORKED OUT THAT MY PRIZE IS UP THE CHERRY TREE. BUT MRS HARRISON WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO CLIMB HER TREE! I MIGHT BREAK SOME OF THE THINNER BRANCHES.

WHY NOT ASK HER? SHE MUST KNOW THE TWINS HID YOUR PARCEL UP THERE.

YOU ASK, PLEASE, SUE! I DON'T LIKE TO.

I DON'T FANCY DISTURBING MRS HARRISON. STILL...

OK. I'LL ASK HER.

Mrs Harrison suggested that they got a long-handled broom to poke the parcel out.



THANKS, SUE! I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE?



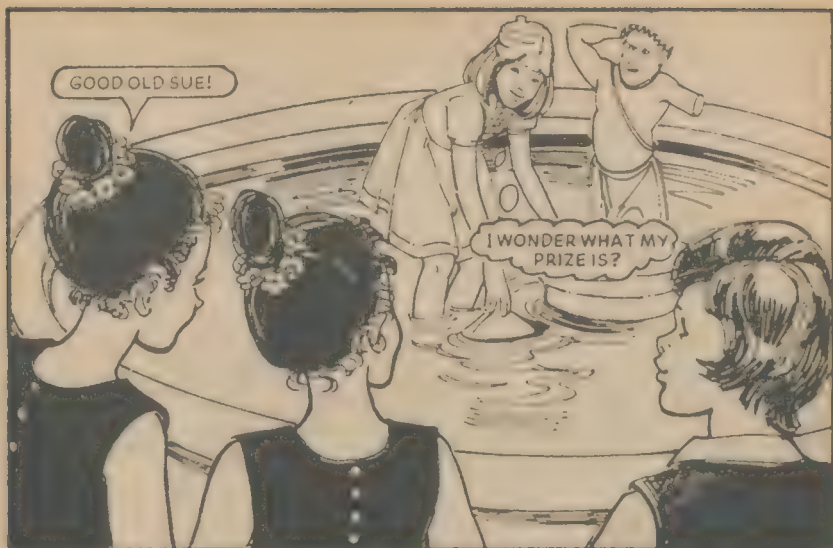
HEY, SUE, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR OWN PRIZE. EVERYBODY ELSE HAS GOT THEIRS, YOU KNOW.

As Sue unfolded the slip of paper, she saw the twins exchange grins. She knew why when she read the clue.



THERE'S A FISH POND OVER THERE. I'M NOT KEEN ON WADING THROUGH A COLD POND FULL OF GOLDFISH, WITH A CROWD OF KIDS WATCHING ME. BUT I CAN'T SPOIL THE TWINS' FUN. HERE GOES...

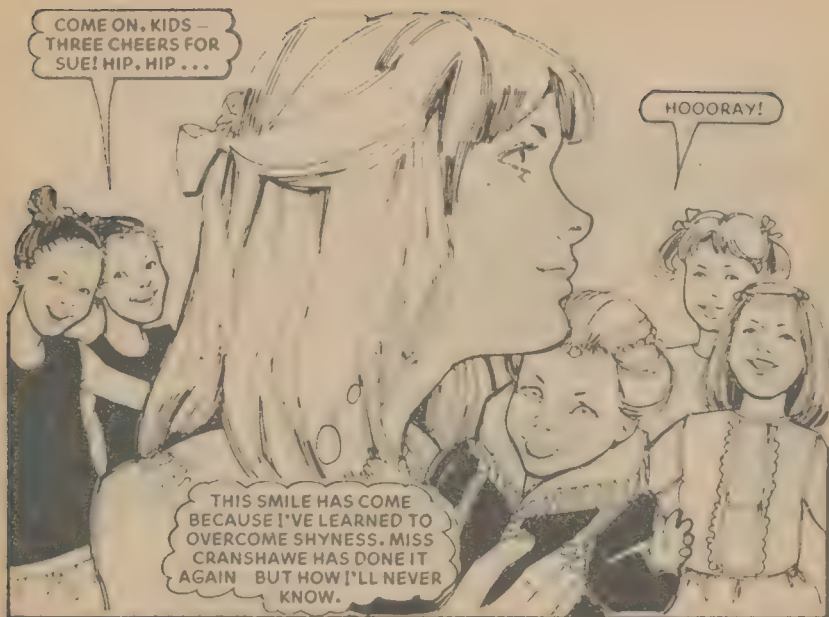




It was a doll with a violet dress and a beautiful smile.



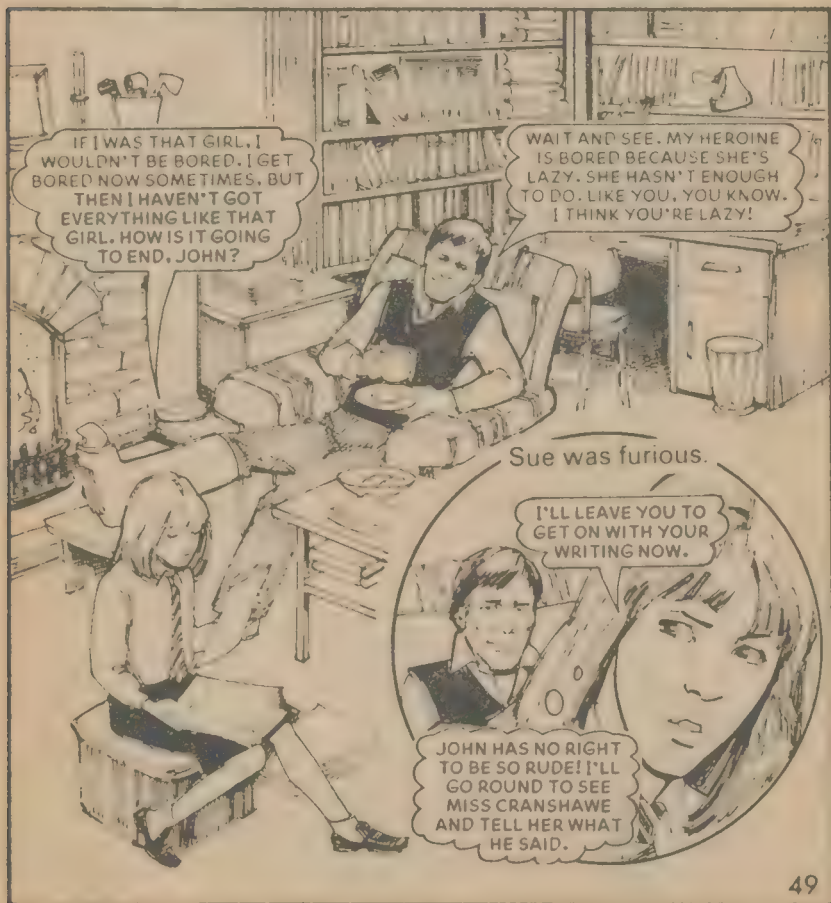




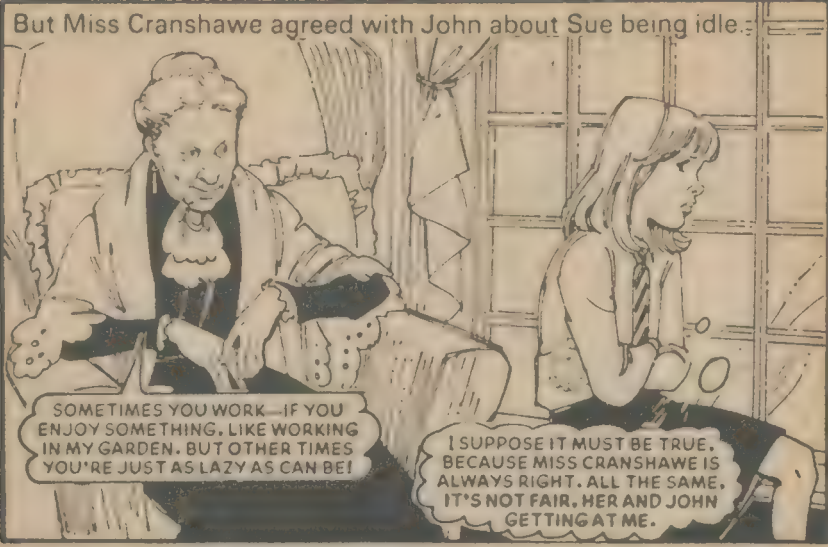
One morning, a few weeks after the party...



John Burnett turned out to be just about the nicest man Sue had ever met, and the most interesting. He was writing a novel—about a beautiful, rich and very spoilt girl. Every day, after school, Sue hurried to read the next chapter as soon as it was written, while Mum did the housework. Sue envied the girl in the book—she had everything. Everything that is except happiness—because she was bored.

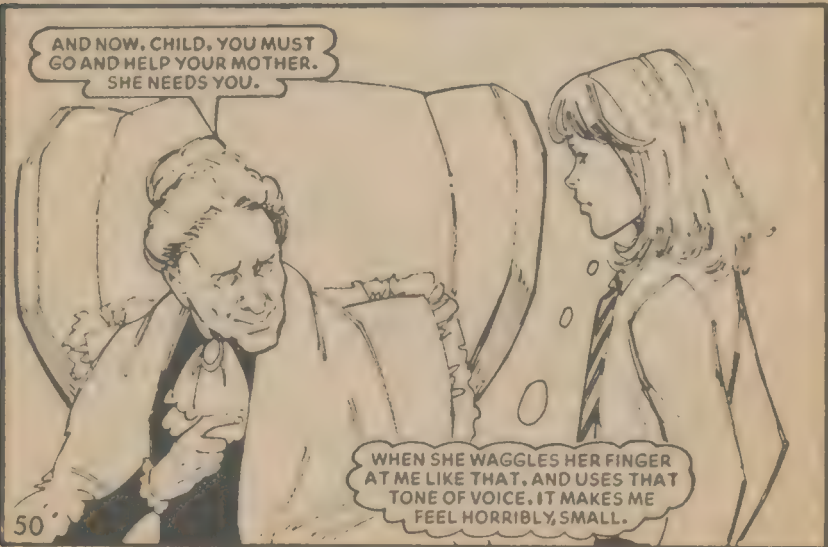


But Miss Cranshawe agreed with John about Sue being idle.



SOMETIMES YOU WORK—IF YOU ENJOY SOMETHING, LIKE WORKING IN MY GARDEN. BUT OTHER TIMES YOU'RE JUST AS LAZY AS CAN BE!

I SUPPOSE IT MUST BE TRUE, BECAUSE MISS CRANSHAWE IS ALWAYS RIGHT. ALL THE SAME, IT'S NOT FAIR, HER AND JOHN GETTING AT ME.



AND NOW, CHILD, YOU MUST GO AND HELP YOUR MOTHER. SHE NEEDS YOU.

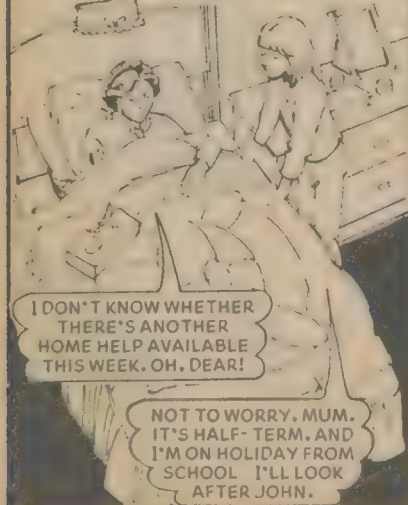
WHEN SHE WAGGLES HER FINGER AT ME LIKE THAT, AND USES THAT TONE OF VOICE, IT MAKES ME FEEL HORRIBLY SMALL.

John had finished another chapter. Sue got so engrossed reading it she was annoyed when Mum, having prepared John's supper without any help from Sue, decided to leave early.



So—

Mrs Goodman was ill next morning; too ill to get out of bed.



GREAT! JOHN WON'T TAKE MUCH LOOKING AFTER. I'LL BE ABLE TO READ EACH CHAPTER OF HIS NOVEL AS SOON AS IT'S WRITTEN—AND READ ALL HIS OTHER BOOKS, TOO!





But —

THAT LOAD OF DIRTY WASHING HAS TO BE TAKEN ROUND TO THE LAUNDRETTE, AND JOHN WANTS ME TO DO SOME SHOPPING ON MY WAY BACK. IT'S QUITE A LONG LIST.




Shopping and laundry took up a large part of the morning. Back at the bungalow, there was John's bed to be made, and his elevenses prepared.

THANKS. WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?


LUNCH! YOU HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO DIGEST YOUR BREAKFAST YET!



A man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a dark vest over a light shirt, is looking at a woman with blonde hair. The woman is seen from the side, looking back at him.

BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT  
TO PREPARE THE  
LUNCH. YOU SHOULD  
START PEELING THE  
POTATOES NOW.

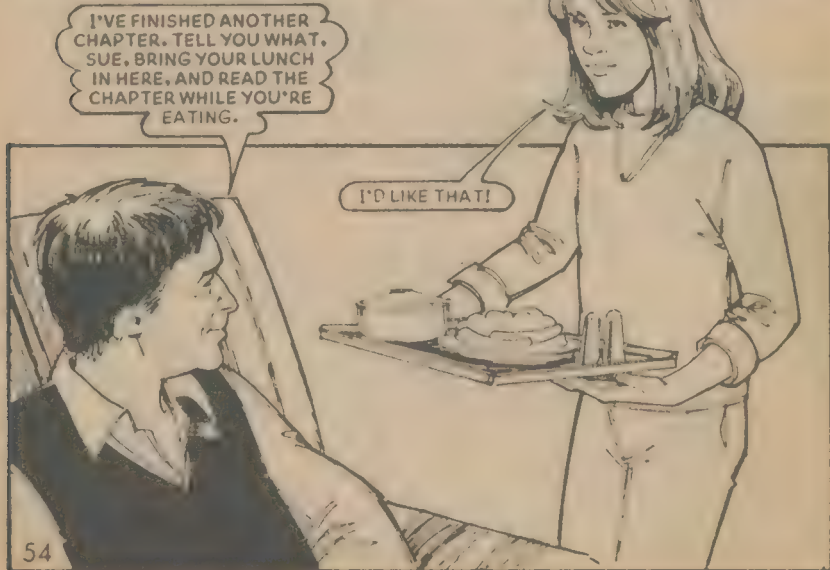
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO  
SITTING DOWN AND HAVING  
MY ELEVENSES AND ... OH,  
ALL RIGHT! IT'LL BE  
SAUSAGES AND MASH FOR  
DINNER.

A man is sitting in a chair, leaning back with his arms crossed, looking towards a woman. The woman is seen from the back, her blonde hair is voluminous. They are in a kitchen setting.

I FORGOT IT WAS EARLY CLOSING,  
AND I DIDN'T BUY ANYTHING  
FOR MUM AND I—FOR OUR  
SUPPER. JUST OFF TO THE SHOPS.  
OH, AND WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT  
BY YOU IF I LOOK IN TO SEE HOW  
MUM IS GETTING ON AT HOME?

YES, OF COURSE.

Mrs Goodman didn't want any lunch, but asked Sue to make her a cup of tea.



Between mouthfuls of food, Sue read the chapter, and her face filled with disappointment



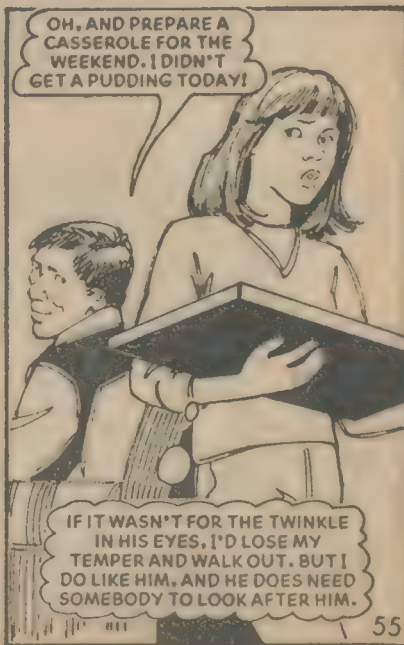
IT'S SAD! I MEAN, SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL COULD HAVE MARRIED ANYBODY! YOU'VE MADE HER MARRY A POOR ARTIST. IT SHOULD BE A HAPPY ENDING.

WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW. I SHALL SEE YOU TOMORROW. I HOPE— YOU'RE REALLY QUITE HELPFUL. BUT I DID HOPE TODAY YOU'D FIND TIME TO CLEAN MY WINDOWS AND TO PUT A POLISH ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR.



YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! THIS IS MEANT TO BE MY HOLIDAY!

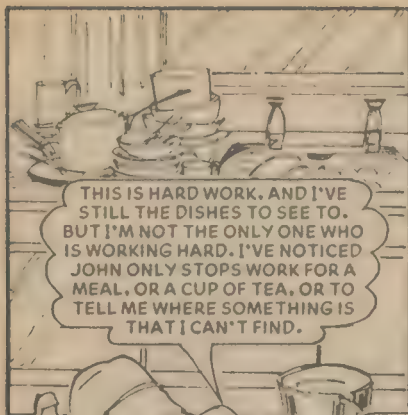
I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER WORKED SO HARD BEFORE, NOT EVEN AT END-OF-TERM EXAMS. TOMORROW, OF COURSE, YOU'LL GET UP EARLY TO CLEAN YOUR FLAT BEFORE YOU COME HERE, AND GET MY LUNCH READY. THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAN OUT THIS ROOM.



OH, AND PREPARE A CASSEROLE FOR THE WEEKEND. I DIDN'T GET A PUDDING TODAY!

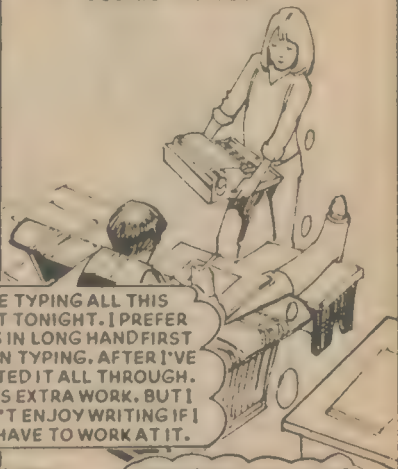
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE TWINKLE IN HIS EYES, I'D LOSE MY TEMPER AND WALK OUT. BUT I DO LIKE HIM, AND HE DOES NEED SOMEBODY TO LOOK AFTER HIM.





THIS IS HARD WORK. AND I'VE STILL THE DISHES TO SEE TO. BUT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO IS WORKING HARD. I'VE NOTICED JOHN ONLY STOPS WORK FOR A MEAL, OR A CUP OF TEA, OR TO TELL ME WHERE SOMETHING IS THAT I CAN'T FIND.

Before she left, John asked her to put his typewriter on a table beside his bed.



I'LL BE TYPING ALL THIS LOT OUT TONIGHT. I PREFER WRITING IN LONG HAND FIRST AND THEN TYPING. AFTER I'VE CORRECTED IT ALL THROUGH. IT MEANS EXTRA WORK. BUT I WOULDN'T ENJOY WRITING IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK AT IT.

GOSH! IT'LL BE A LONG JOB. HE'LL BE WORKING WAY AFTER MIDNIGHT.

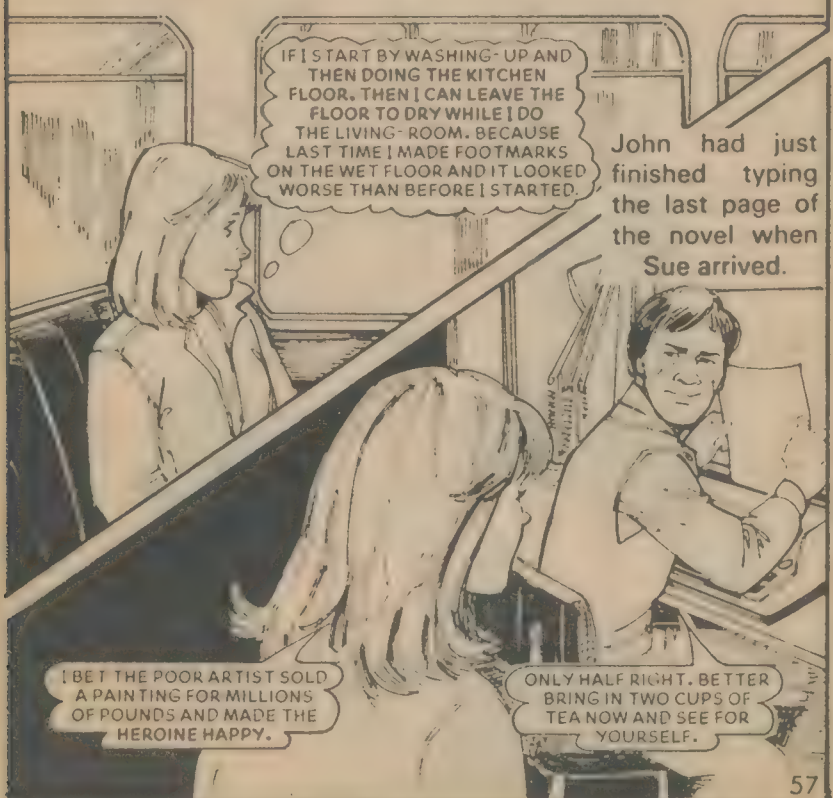
Sue thought about John on the way home.



BEING A WRITER ISN'T SUCH A GOOD THING AFTER ALL. COME TO THAT, MUM'S LIFE ISN'T A GOOD THING EITHER - WORKING ALL DAY AT SOMEONE ELSE'S HOUSE, AND THEN HOME TO COOK SUPPER FOR ME. I'LL HAVE TO COOK SUPPER TONIGHT. HOW AWFUL! I REALLY DO FEEL VERY TIRED.

Next day, Sue got up early to clean the flat and prepare Mum's food. She managed to run out to the shops, too, before she caught the bus to John's. Sue surprised herself by finding that, instead of not wanting to get up, she had leapt out of bed before the alarm went off. She had even found lots of extra things to do—like making tea for Mum when she woke.

On the bus, she started planning John's lunch, and decided the order of cleaning the house.



IF I START BY WASHING-UP AND THEN DOING THE KITCHEN FLOOR, THEN I CAN LEAVE THE FLOOR TO DRY WHILE I DO THE LIVING-ROOM. BECAUSE LAST TIME I MADE FOOTMARKS ON THE WET FLOOR AND IT LOOKED WORSE THAN BEFORE I STARTED.

John had just finished typing the last page of the novel when Sue arrived.

I BET THE POOR ARTIST SOLD A PAINTING FOR MILLIONS OF POUNDS AND MADE THE HEROINE HAPPY.

ONLY HALF RIGHT. BETTER BRING IN TWO CUPS OF TEA NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

I CAN'T STAY LONG, JOHN.  
THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK TO BE  
DONE, AND I'M GOING TO TRY  
A CHICKEN PIE FOR YOU  
TODAY.



YOU LOOK HAPPIER. DO  
YOU ENJOY WORKING  
HERE?



YES. I SUPPOSE I DO. IT'S  
FUNNY, BUT LOOKING AFTER  
YOU AND MUM—I HAVEN'T  
HAD TIME TO BE BORED.

GOOD! NOW YOU'LL  
APPRECIATE THE LAST  
CHAPTER OF MY BOOK.

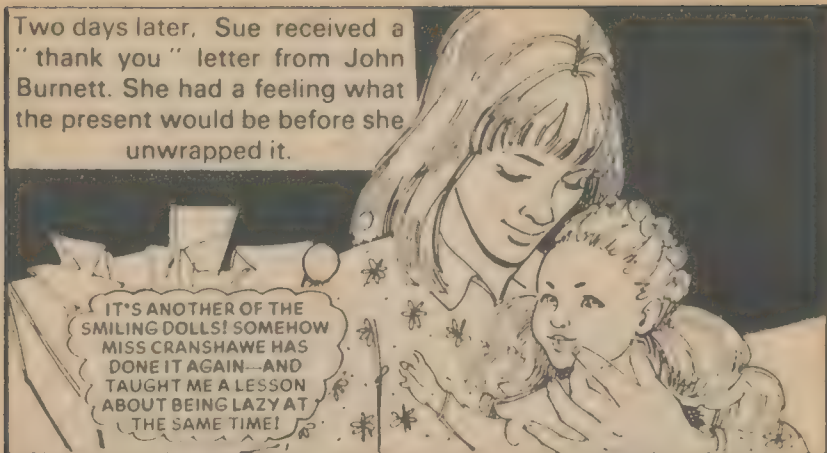


Sue read to the end of the book. The rich, spoilt heroine hadn't made the poor artist wealthy. She hadn't got everything in the world. Instead she was working from morning tonight looking after two children and doing needlework in the evening to earn money. And she said, just as Sue had said to John: "It's funny, but I haven't had time to be bored at all!"



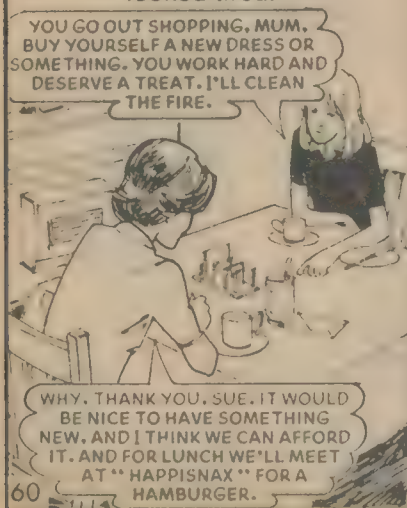


Two days later, Sue received a "thank you" letter from John Burnett. She had a feeling what the present would be before she unwrapped it.



One Saturday morning a month or so later, Sue noticed that her mother looked tired.

YOU GO OUT SHOPPING, MUM. BUY YOURSELF A NEW DRESS OR SOMETHING. YOU WORK HARD AND DESERVE A TREAT. I'LL CLEAN THE FIRE.



GREAT!

SOME WEEKS AGO SHE WOULDN'T HAVE NOTICED I WAS LOOKING TIRED, OR OFFERED TO CLEAN THE FLAT. SUE'S CHANGED. AND SHE'S LOOKING SO MUCH HAPPIER THESE DAYS.



As Sue cleaned the flat, she thought about her mother, and how pleased she had looked when Sue had suggested going out.



AS IF IT WAS A HOLIDAY. SHE HASN'T HAD MUCH OF A LIFE SINCE WE CAME TO THE CITY. POOR OLD MUM! SHE HASN'T ANY FRIENDS IN THE CITY. EXCEPT ME - AND A FAT LOT OF USE I'VE BEEN TO HER. I MUST FIND WAYS TO MAKE LIFE MORE FUN FOR HER.

THERE'S MISS DAVIS—SHE LOOKS QUITE NICE, REALLY. SORT OF KIND. WE SHOULD HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE OTHER TENANTS BY NOW, BUT WE'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN OURSELVES. OVER LUNCH, I'LL SUGGEST WE DO GET TO KNOW THE OTHER TENANTS BETTER.



Sue's keenness for her idea made her mother smile.

YES. LOOKING BACK, IT COULD HAVE BEEN FUN. IN FACT, WE HAVE HAD SOME FUN, SUE. SOME OF THE TENANTS ARE REAL CHARACTERS. BUT IT'S FINISHED NOW! I'LL PAY THE BILL AND OFF WE GO.

WHAT DOES MUM MEAN ABOUT IT BEING FINISHED?

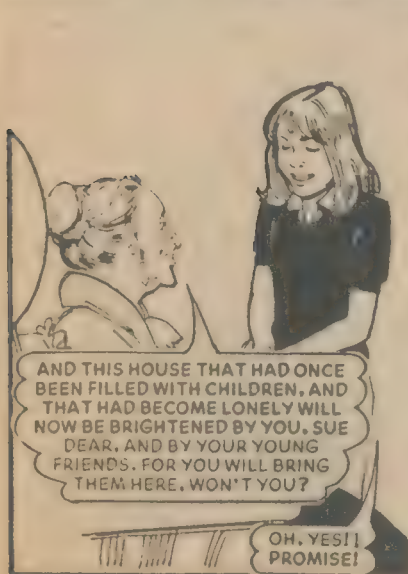
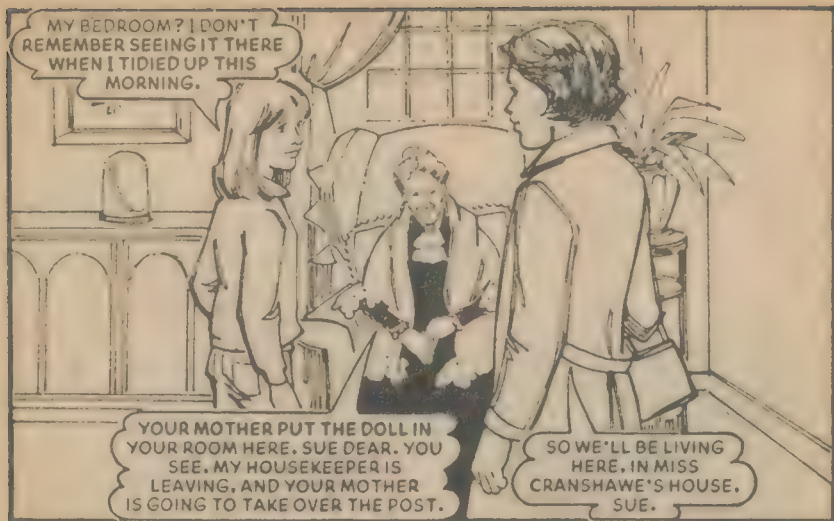
Outside, Mum set off at such a brisk pace Sue had to almost run to keep up.

WHAT A CROWD! AND WHAT A LOT OF TRAFFIC. I'M BEGINNING TO FIND CITY LIFE EXCITING. AREN'T YOU?

YES, I AM! WHERE ARE WE GOING, MUM?

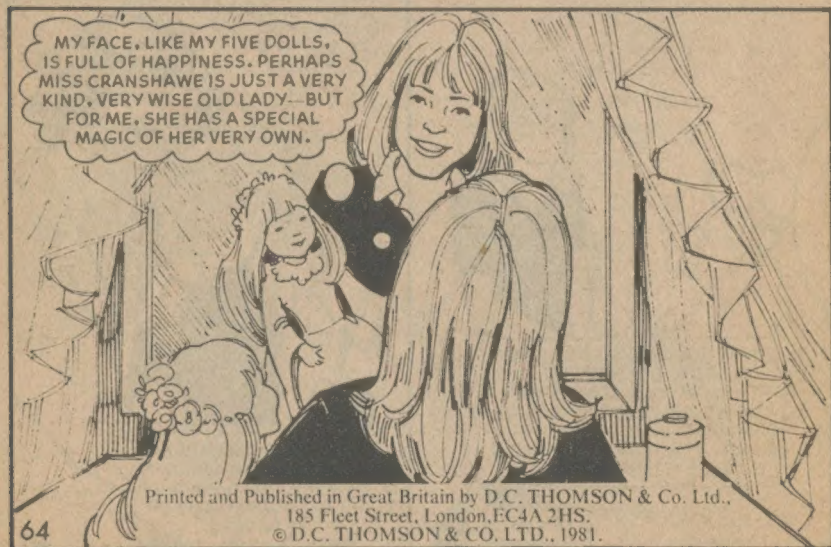
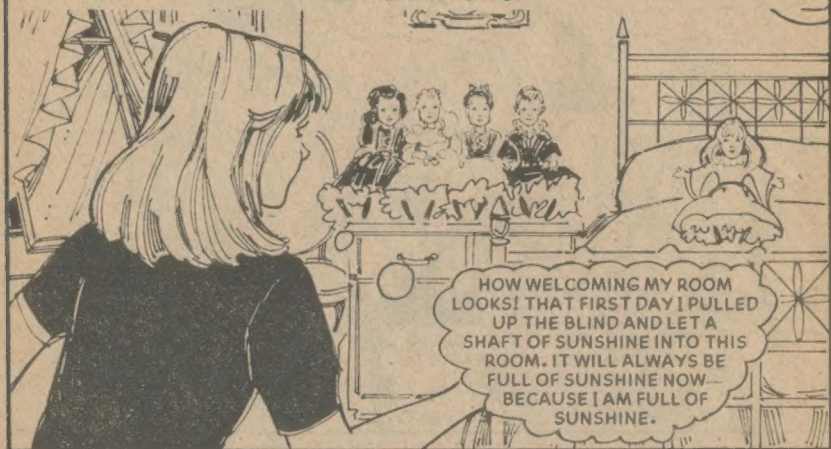
It turned out they were going to Miss Cranshawe's house and the old lady smiled when she saw their bright faces.

GOOD! YOU BROUGHT THE LAUGHTER! YOUR MOTHER FOUND A DOLL WHEN SHE WAS HERE YESTERDAY. THE LAST OF THE SET. WHEN WE FOUND THE LAST DOLL. I KNEW MY HOUSE COULD BE FULL OF HAPPINESS AND LAUGHTER AGAIN! YOUR MOTHER PUT THE DOLL IN YOUR BEDROOM.





Sue ran upstairs. She didn't need to be told where her room would be. It was the little bedroom she had found when she first visited Miss Cranshawe.



Printed and Published in Great Britain by D.C. THOMSON & Co. Ltd.,  
185 Fleet Street, London, EC4A 2HS.  
© D.C. THOMSON & CO. LTD., 1981.



Young Lily Luns is an outcast in the small Dutch town of Hoven, during the Second World War. The townsfolk believe she is a traitor, but as you will discover, she is really—

# ***THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL***

***BUNTY LIBRARY No. 223***

***ON SALE NEXT MONTH, TUES., 10<sup>th</sup>.***





# SCAN COURTESY OF EXCITER

